NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

GEORGE W. MATSELL & CO.,
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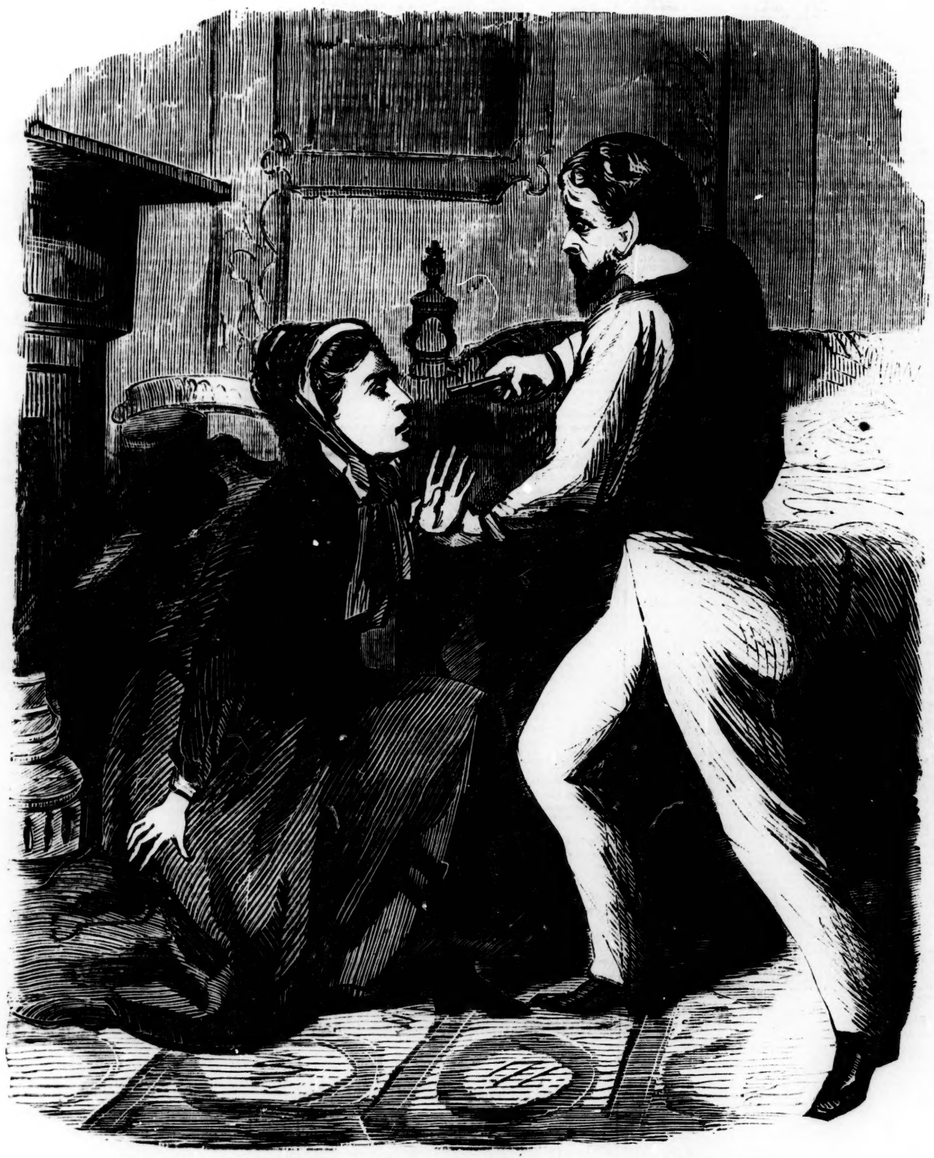


William Rullman attempts to Kill his Mistress, Mary A. Bertram, in 15th Street, N. Y.

A WASHINGTON MARKET FREE LOVER.

His Arraignment before the Supreme Court.

HIS WIFE PROSECUTES HIM FOR GALLANTRY WITH VARIETIES.

A Romantic Episode in Green Street.

A BALLET GIRL FASCINATES THE PROVISION DEALER.

A MEDLEY OF LADY FAVORITES.

A MONSTROUS MATRIMONIAL OUTRAGE.

The Penalties of Broken Nuptial Vows.

A LONG-SUFFERING WIFE.

The Supreme Court of this district is again the theatre of a matrimonial contest for divorce between parties of "property and standing." The aggrieved applicant in this case is the wife, who charges home upon her husband divers unconjugal derelictions. The lady's name is Frances E. Sherman, who complains of her alleged faithless spouse, Sydney R. Sherman, not only of downright adultery, but of that unmarital crime marked with peculiar aggravations. It is a melancholy theme to be compelled to meet, as we do in our courts, with a steady repetition of such complaints; as it is a sadly, in addition, a most discouraging feature of the times.

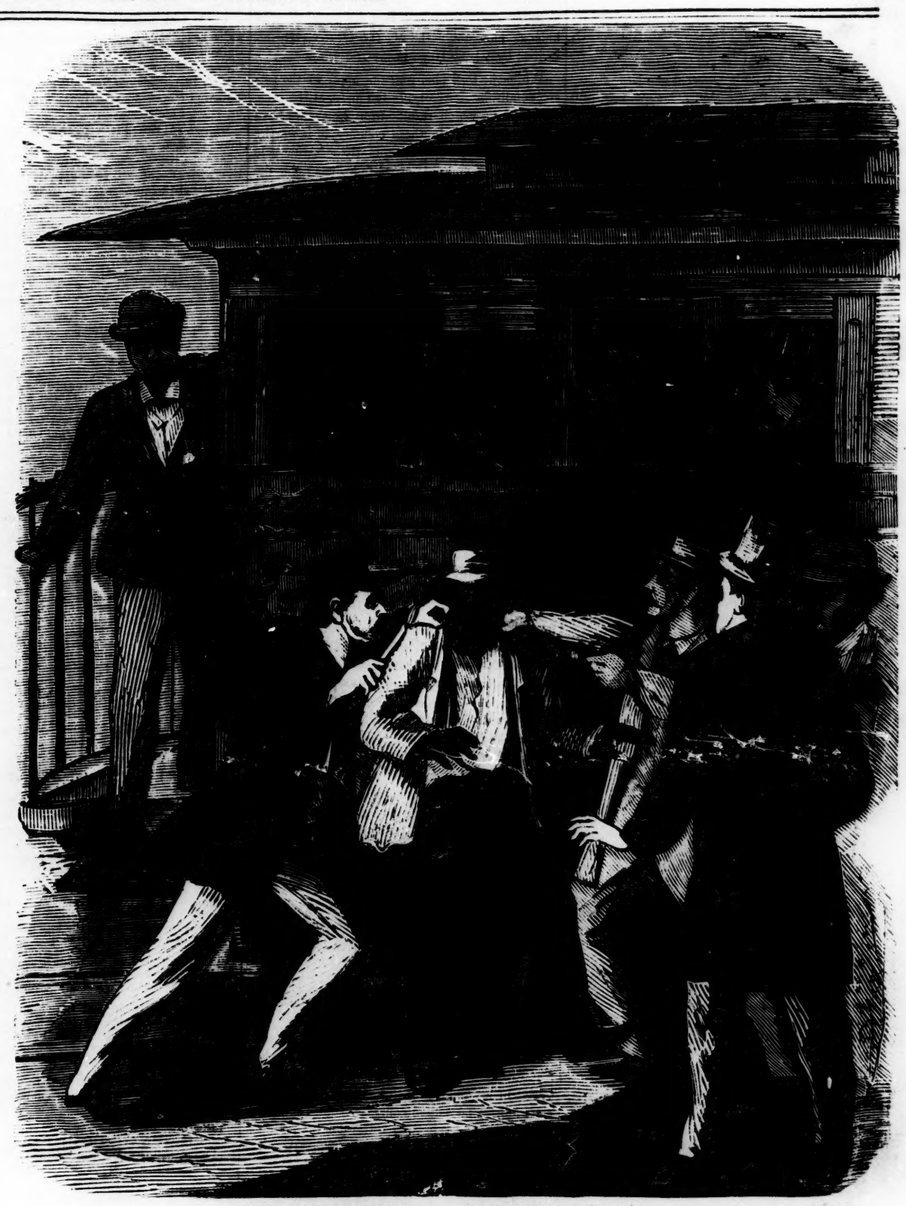
The lady, in this instance, is a woman of slight figure, but what there is of her is marked with rare personal beauty, while her offended womanhood looks out through a pair of black eyes, lustrous with the power of feminine tears and fervors. Washington Market, whose busy denizens we have been compelled to notice heretofore in connection with broken marriage vows, is again associated with this latest instance of marital infidelity. The celebrated locality appears to *vegetate*, with an abundance of domestic as well as horticultural fruitage present, unfortunately, the fruit there grown of the former classification, is of the positively forbidden order. The first pair were instructed not to touch the article, under the severest penalties, and from that hour to the present, both law and custom have continued to pronounce it "contraband."

But still the perverse proclivities of mankind persist in cultivating the guilty traffic in the article, though with a uniformity that marks the inflexibility of God's providence, again and again, as often as the criminal venture is indulged in; "like dead sea fruit, it turns to ashes" in the possession of the ad venturer. Washington market must be peculiarly auspicious for this species of forbidden commerce, from the frequent instances we have been called upon from time to time to notice, in connection with that highly aromatic locality. But we should think such repeated indulgence in a traffic condemned from the foundation of the world, would be apt to exert an unhealthy effect upon the really innocent productions of the vegetable and meat variety, that exhale their fragrant odor from the loaded stalls of that famous mart. It looks as if the familiar practice must taint the other departments of garden truck, that grow there in such abundance. The Garden of Eden was not loaded with overflowing abundance, but there was one item of vegetation there from which the occupants of that early Paradise were directed to be rigidly shy, and to give the article a "wide berth." If they neglected this order, they were threatened with every penalty, both physical and moral. In the very face of this command, they embarked in the reckless venture. The result, as we all know was, that the entire garden was blasted with desolation, and its stricken proprietors, "with wandering steps and slow, from Eden took their melancholy way."

We would cite this [illegible]anding example for the instruction of our Washington market dealers in Metropolitan fruit. Let them be cautious how they dabble in "forbidden fruit," lest all their clams and oysters catch the infection, and the contagion spread even to the apples and the delicious and the blushing peach. The epidemic may diffuse itself through all their wealth of flowery vegetation, and as with the first pair, roll in blackening vengeance through all their luxuriance of budding and rosy efflorescence. In forgetting their morals, they may lose their prosperity. In recklessly violating the conjugal law, they may challenge the combined wrath of all cognate material laws. The great lesson to be drawn from the scriptural parallel herewith cited, consists in the seriously impressive truth, that no man can violate a fundamental principle in morals, without threatening him with the anger of every principle in physics. Material prosperity and moral purity are closely associated throughout the whole of the divine economy. The great providential law was evidently designed to be illustrated in its broadest significance, in the signal example made of the first pair, when, after violating a specifically enjoined primary moral law, they were involved in widespread material ruin, and hurled from the Paradise they had defiled with every demonstration of divine retribution and displeasure.

Men cannot realize too sensibly that all fundamental laws are bound together by the closest affinities, and that if they would thrive before men, they *must* walk correct before God. Material prosperity is woven through mystic relationships with the base of Jehovah's throne, and if men would be happy and comfortable even in this world, they must so live as to be in welcome readiness for the next. The Washington Market operators may not be wholly in the humor for the prompt digestion of this truth, but a few signal demonstrations of its practical accuracy may perhaps stimulate them with a healthy agitation on the subject, and initiate a train of reflections calculated to enlarge their comprehension of its serious and sober verity.

The market dealer who is arraigned in the present suit for divorce, is invited to its solemn contemplation, and especially to the thoughtful study of the relations between temporal prosperity and conjugal infidelity. He may realize on a careful analysis, that there is more in this theory than at first meets the eye of the hasty observer, and that he would find it a good investment as a market speculator, to behave himself in his nuptual obligations. He is today a provision dealer in Washington Market, and has reaped a flattering pecuniary competence, from the happy "margins" that have rewarded his financial sagacity. But let him be wary how he offends the great principle that underlies all society as well as all morals—lest he provoke a conspiracy against him of all other principles physical as well as moral,



Encounter with a Negro Thief at Butler, Georgia.

Frederick Baker carrying his intended Victim into the Hop Field.

Baker engaged in his Fiendish Work of Murder.

A Boy Shoots his Mother mistaking her for a Burglar, at St. Louis, Mo.

Finding the Murded Body of William Montgomery at Vicksburg, Miss.

Rev. Wm. H. Green, the Wife Poisoner.

and his profitable "mergine" take to themselves wings and fly to the uttermost ends of the earth. Such things have happened before, and may be repeated in this very Washington Market instance. It is not safe at any time to tamper with the great economies that rule the world. But let us refer a little more particularly to the allegations proferred by this

INJURED WIFE

against her husband, Sydney R. Sherman. The pair were married in this city on the 23d of December, 1863, and now, after an interval of hardly four years, all those nuptual relations are involved in hopelessly belligerent confusion. This is a brief term of marital life, and the Nemesis of injured innocence has followed swiftly on the trail of infidelity, to blast all that was promising in those recent nuptial vows.

The lady, in her complaint, charges her unfaithful Sydney with marital derelictions at a variety of times and places, all of which are said to have been perpetrated in this city of New York. He appears to have begun his criminal festivities as early as 1865, less than two years after his solemn vows of fidelity at the nuptual altar. The complaining lady fixes the date of the aforesaid offences between the months of June and August of 1865, and that they were committed, not with one, but with a variety of metropolitan beauties.

But in this immediate connection, the wife prefers an allegation too shocking even for thought, and that if true, should consign the offender not only to infamy, but to the sternest penalties as well of divine as human laws. Yet there stands the accusation, deliberately written out in the complaint and over the wife's sworn signature. The date of the outrage here suggested, is fixed in the month of Aug. 1865, and in that month Mr. Sydney R. Sherman is directly charged wih having visited upon his wife an affliction, the result of his indiscriminate "free love," from which all honorable minds must startle back with horror. This affliction had the effect to visit Mrs. Sherman with a fearful prostration of her health, from which she languished with severe suffering for a long period of time. But this wife goes on to accumulate her charges against her husband, and as a further argument in support of the essential justice of her application, she arraigns him for repeating his matrimonial infidelities in the months of July, August and September, 1866. At these times the gay provision dealer is charged with having amused his festive leisure, again and again, at a well known "free and easy" at No. 73 Green street. At that institution, Mr. Sidney R. Sherman is alleged to have cultivated the guilty acquaintance of a belle, known to frequenters of the establishment by the grateful name of "Delia." This exquisite Delia has officiated as a ballet girl at our places of metropolitan amusement, and the Washington market speculator was doubtless primarily fascinated, by the "poetry of motion" illustrated by this piece of abandoned crinoline on "the light fantastic toe." It would be interesting to trace the criminal acquaintance here formed, through its successive stages up to its final, ripe fruition of shame, guilt, and dishonor. Perhaps Mr. Sydney R. Sherman would favor us with a few romantic revelations of his ripening love with this "charmer, charmed she never so wisely." At any rate, we are informed by the sworn complaint of his outraged wife, of his culminating abomination with the Green street "lady gay sparker." Perhaps Mr. Sherman may realize, before the suit to which he has now at last been made a party has ended, that it is not so agreeable after all to form relations, disagreeable to his wife's purity, and hateful to her sense of truth and honor. We are quite sure, at last, to realize, that the "whirligig of time brings around its revenges."

In answer to Mrs. Sherman's complaint, the husband makes no attack upon his wife's character, but contents himself with a mere general denial of the accusation brought against him, and on this general denial he has joined issue with his wife and consented to enter upon his trial. One child born to this unhappy pair, a boy named Walter Sherman, lives to witness this distressing family contest. That child is at present in the custody of the father, and it is a part of Mrs. Sherman's application to the court, that an order be issued directing the restoration of that child to her custody. To this end, an application is made for a writ of *habeas corpus*, commanding the husband to produce the child in court, and there make answer why Mrs. Sherman should not have the custody of her infant son.

These belligerent parties are, of course, living apart, and have been for the past year—Mrs. Sherman occupying quarters in thirty-sixth street, while the festive husband is living in a down-town hotel, after "mine ease in mine inn."

The husband, in this action, is about twenty-eight years of age, while his wife is between twenty-five and twenty-six years old. We have thus given the reader a summary of the facts, marking this last specimen of the "thrice told tale" of matrimonial infidelity. Will the omnipresent subject ever take its leave from the criminal literature of the world?

The lady's interest in the case in court, is conducted by Mr. Thomas Dunphy, whose reputation is a guaranty that every assistance will be granted his client that can be claimed by a truly injured woman.

The National Police Gazette.

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THE

National Police Gazette.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

THE INEXORABLE WAGES OF VICE.—The moment men, under the attraction of vicious allurement, abandon the straight path of rectitude, they become numbered among the motley train of the arch-tempter, and unconsciously they don his livery. Their service, while it lasts, is not at all laborious; on the contrary, it is pleasureable—it is made up of mere worldly pursuits—of carnal enjoyment—the whirl of dissipation, and the indulgence of licentious passion. But these thoughtless servitors in the palace of vice are unlike peculiarly situated. When pay-day comes they have not to clamor for their wages. No; they *must* take them, and they are paid in the form of physical and moral destruction—disgrace—social oblivion. This applies, perhaps, with even more force to the other sex. It has been well said that "the woman who hesitates is lost," and that becomes necessarily so because of her very nature; for, standing, as it were, upon the edge of the abyss of temptation, if she dally with her conscience but for a moment, the floods of passion overslaugh her, and she topples over, and then down, down, lost forever. Woman's fall is accomplished with fearful rapidity. For obvious reasons the downward career of men is more tardy; it presents varied phases as the temperaments and dispositions of the parties differ; but the like result is inevitable.

Now in sober truth it seems to us to be a piece of the most ineffable fatuity for men to imagine (and they do) when first tempted to diverge from the honest moral tenor of their way, that they can compromise with vice—that they may go just so far, and then retire from her presence unbesmirched and independent. Not so. The barrier once overstepped, dividing morality from immorality, and it will not be long ere the man, who thus wilfully discard their pristine integrity, will be found bowing lowly before the triumphant sway of dissipation and profligacy in their varying forms. The end of all this gradual casting off of moral restraints—the indulgence of dissipated tastes by degrees acquired, and the headlong frenzy of libidinous passion may be near or it may be remote—but it is certain. The pay-day of the servants of sin will assuredly come, and they *must* accept their wages. In due time they will be lost in the meshes of vice and utterly annihilated, and that as certainly as a body coming within the grasp of the enormous gelatinous arms of that hideous monster—"the sea Devil," so vividly described by Victor Hugo in his *Les Miserables*.

While the foregoing remarks apply to the rotten condition of society, in the mass, at the present day, and which results from causes we have often pointed out in these columes, it is worthy of notice that there were constantly occurring acts of almost inexplicable crime following upon departure from the broad ,even road of honor and virtue. These deeds are often shrouded in impenetrable mystery; but there is one feature about them patent as the sun-light, viz.: they are always the close of a guilty career. For illustration, there was the case of young King and his paramour, Mattie Greerman, last summer. They loved each other ardently, it was said, yet that did not stay King's murderous and suicidal hand. Withal, possibly it was the Nemesis of Satiety that prompted the bloody deed. The unfortunate suicide followed headlong in the train of vice, till indulgence became nauseating; and that case was but one of many similar, unaccountable as to the actual or immediate motive. Last week we had a notable instance of the strength of the deadly meshes which ill-governed passion will weave around the man who gives way to its dictation. We refer to the tragic Rullman-Bertram case. Here we find an ample illustration of the infatuating power of wrong-doing, and how it perpetuates vicious desires even through the lapse of years. Rullman occupied a remunerative and responsible position—he was well-known and popular, among hotel people especially, and he was a married man, with the ties of a family upon him. Some years ago, unknown to his family, he formed a *liaison* with the girl, Mary Ann Bertram, whom he kept for some time as his mistress, and then parted. Years rolled by, and with the lapse of time, one would naturally suppose that the fires of unhallowed passion had become extinguished in Rullman's bosom—that they had effectually paled before the pure enjoyment to be found in the society of his wife and numerous children. But no—his vicious passion was too deeply seated. Some weeks ago he sought Miss Bertram; they renewed their intimacy, which terminated abruptly. A week afterwards he calls upon her, they become reconciled, and immediately after he proposes a pistol and a vial of poison—murder and suicide. She escapes from her would-be murderer, and he ends his guilty career by self-destruction.

The lesson conveyed by all this is the fearful retribution that attends the unlawful indulgence of passion, and the certainty with which it will work out its mission. Then again, see the tenacity with which the wretched man clung to the object of his sinful love. A married man with six children, he actually entreated his paramour to marry him. What an awful hold vice does take upon some minds! How it prostrates, utterly, every standard of truth and morality. How oblivious it makes men of the solemn and voluntarily assumed obligations of society, of home, of wife, of children, until in its lurid glare, the dazed unfortunates stumble into the vortex of irretrievable ruin, body and soul.

Ce ne que le premier pas qui coute. Vice is an inexorable mistress—her pay-day is certain, and none of her retainers can refuse their wages. What guards—what environments, ought not parents studiously—with unabating vigilance, preserve around their children, that they may be defended from that fatal "first step."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have not authoritatively heard of the decision in Dr. Gibson's case. We would like to have an interview with our correspondent.

CHOSES DRAMATIQUE.

We recently sat out "Rip Van Winkle" at the Olympic Theatre, and, instead of listening to the play as we would read a novel, for mere amusement only, we determined to sit upon it in analytical and critical judgment. Although we always, as far as possible, avoid a comparison between different actors in the same part, it is still just to compare an actor's efforts in the same part as given on different occasions. There was a time when we had but little except praise to accord to Mr. Jefferson as *Rip*, and the sincerity of that praise has heretofore been equalled by its warmth only. Carefully considered, Mr. Jefferson as he is now doing the part, is not entitled to a very great preponderance of laudation over deserved censure. In our judgment he has either fallen into carelessness in many parts of the delineation, or by attempting improvement half spoiled that which, in the past, has been decidedly good throughout. One of the most glaring faults that now permeates his rendering of the part is its dialectic unevenness. In one sentence his broken English is the perfection of Dutch invasion or tepid infusion, and in the next we find him delivering himself in English that is without adulteration; thus marring, if not destroying an illusion that should be continuous. That illusion so underlies the interest of the scene, that to thus destroy it, remits us from the indulgence of a pleasant fancy, to the reality that the stage is composed of boards, strips the scenes of verdure, makes the cottage a thing of pine frames and painted canvas, and transforms the characters of over one hundred years ago into men, women and children of to-day, going through a certain routine of words and acts, decked in costumes to be worn for the hour, vainly endeavoring to throw back the mind from the present and linking it with the past. Mr. Jefferson succeeds admirably, in the most comic specsbes, in making the people laugh at his quaint Hollandic-English; but when he delivers a sentence of pathos he foregoes, to a great extent, this dialectic feature and thus weakens his serious points when strict adherence to it would add to their strength, and give an evenly sustained and far more interesting delineation. This may be one of the stage tactics of Mr. Jefferson; it may be that the alternations from laughter to sympathy on the part of an audience that does not stop to reflect, are made by so doing more pronounced; but it certainly is not in accordance with nature, from which, only, the true guides of the actor are to be legitimately derived. Another feature of Mr. Jefferson's *Rip* is the monotonous, dead-level manner in which he delivers his language, seldom rising above a certain pitch of voice, and as seldom sinking below it; thus losing fine opportunities of making deep impressions upon his audiences, by bringing out more boldly the shades and more delicately tinting the lights of a character that is more nearly filled with both than any other serio-comic part that we can now call to mind. It may be said that there are blemishes in the acting of every one on the stage. Granted; but what then? Why, the faults to which we have referred are such as can be easily foregone, and the discarding of them would make Mr. Jefferson's *Rip* one of the finest and most effective pieces of acting of its kind on the stage of this or any other country. For its many excellences, as he now gives it, we are willing to accord him all the praise that he deserves; but in doing so we cannot but pause and think how truly great he might make the part. Before leaving our notice of *Rip*, it is but just that we should refer to the excellent manner in which the drama has been placed upon the stage. *Von Beekman*, the grasping Money Lender, is capitally acted by Mr. Davidge; and the same may be said of the *Nick Vedder* of Mr. Thomas and the *Cockles* of Mr. Fox. Master Willie Seymour (ten years old) is cast in the first act as *Hendrick Vedder* and Miss Le Brun (aged six) as *Meenie, Rip's* daughter. The precocity shown by these children in each of their scenes, but more especially in one of love-makings, is very surprising: it may be that their acting is the result of training; but we think it displays great natural talent and foreshadows genius. Mr. Mathews is unexceptionable in the light part of *Hendrick* in the third act, and Mrs. C. Edmonds makes a highly acceptable *Gretchen* throughout the play. Miss Bessie Foote as *Meenie* in the third act wins a fair share of deserved applause, and the other parts are finely distributed. The *drama* is nightly filling the house and it will have an extended "run."

The doings at the other theatres may be briefly chronicled. The "Black Crook" is now enlivened and its interest intensified by the introduction of a Jennyass (not the first that we have seen on the stage by a long shot) that is "fearfully and wonderfully made" up and goes through her paces and uses her tongue, tail, ears and legs in a surprising manner.

Mr. Forrest has added *Lear* to the characters in which he has appeared at the Broadway, and the critical and simple are alike unstinted in their praise of the manner in which he has done the part.

Mad. Ristori commenced her engagement at the Theatre Francais on Wednesday evening: of course too late for notice.

Wallack's is closed for repairs and renovation; both much needed.

Mad. La Grange the once favorite Italian *cantatrice* has arrived and will soon appear, in conjunction with the elephantine Brignoli, in concerts and perhaps opera. Maretzek is making ready for his season and will open with "Don Giovanni" on Monday evening next. His company is a very strong combination and a numerous one also.

Bateman's Offenbach (French) company are nearly all here, and will alternate with Madame Ristori. Depend upon it New Yorkers are to have a rare treat in the performances of this *troupe*.

A somewhat singular tempestuous turn up in a tea utensil, has occurred in connection with some of the ghastly legged dancers formerly connected with our "Black Crook." Messrs. Jarret and Palmer, it appears, have an interest in the beautiful flock of lambs that skip through the measures of that exciting show, having made engagements with them in London, Paris, St. Petersburgh and the Schleswig-Holstein question, or "words to that effect." Mr. Henry Wall is a dramatic agent and Mr. Palmer charged before Justice Dowling, that he (Wall) had seduced the taper-limbed, beautiful Sangali and the plump, graceful and equally beautiful Betty Rigel, from their fealty to Niblo's Garden, and under specious promises, had sent them dancing and black-crooking to towns other than the metropolis, even to Chicago, a naughty city in which life and virtue are held in light esteem. This charge is of serious amount to a criminal offence, but its sequel did: for it appears that Mr. Wall was denied "the courtesy of the house," in brief, was stopped at the door; when he threatened to "burst up" the "Crook" and raise Mephistopheles generally. On this charge the invading Wall was arrested and gave bail in the sum of $1,000, but at the same time demanded an examination, which was accorded. The prosecution threaten to put on the stand the beautiful Betty and the fair Sangali, to show how much and how they have been damaged by listening to the seductive voice of Harry, and going to such immoral towns as Boston, Chicago, &c. A good one, in our cousin's best style, of the scene of the examination, and a full stenographic report of the testimony, would give a deep interest to our columns and perhaps "point a moral" if not "adorn a tale."

Cruel Murder on a Railroad.

A NEGRO THIEF THE PERPETRATOR.

UNFORTUNATE ESCAPE OF THE MURDERER.

We learn from late Macon (Ga.) papers, that upon the 2d inst., Mr. Jake Cozatt, genial, whole-souled man, was murdered by a thieving negro vagabond. Mr. Cozatt was beloved by white and colored, alike, and his shocking "taking off" is universally lamented in that community.

The following are the particulars of the whole affair:

The negro man who did the killing took passage at Columbus, for Macon, it is supposed. Shortly after passing Goneva, this negro was seen by Col. Wm. A. Daniels, of Talbotton, to trade a very fine looking double-nased watch with a Jewish passenger, and gave him in exchange a small watch and ten dollars in money.

Col. Daniels mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Cozatt, who remembered seeing a reward of fifty dollars offered for a gold watch that had been stolen, and on comparing it with the description, found it to be the watch advertised. Cozatt then arrested the negro.

On reaching Butler, Mr. Cozatt, having business outside the train, left the negro in charge of Colonel Daniels—the negro, apparently, being very submissive. Col. Daniels, who was unarmed, was standing in the door of the car, when the negro suddenly threw a number of missiles from his hands upon him, and grasped his right arm with both of his hands—the negro all the while trying to shoot him.

In this manner they scuffled and fought—the negro steadily forcing his way out, until they reached the ground, when assistance came to Col. Daniels' relief, in the persons of Mr. Cozatt, Dr. Ryan and Mr. Jas Chapman, but not before the negro had fired one shot at Col. Daniels, which fortunately missed him. Just here the negro was seized and backed against the car, while Mr. Chapman stood on one side with a cocked pistol, and Dr. Ryan held his knife to his throat, and could have killed him, when Mr. Cozatt begged them to desist. As soon as the negro found himself comparatively free, he broke and ran, pursued by Mr. Cozatt, and when about one hundred yards from the train, the negro turned suddenly upon Mr. Cozatt, and shot him through the heart. After being shot, Mr. Cozatt turned and walked towards the train, and when within twenty or thirty yards of it, he fell, saying: "Send for a doctor; I'm shot; don't let me fall in the sand." These were his last words, and he soon after breathed his last. The negro escaped. Mr. Cozatt's body was left at Butler, where his father resides.

So intense were the feelings of sorrow and indignation on the part of the passengers on the Muscogee train, that an impromptu meeting was gotten up on the part of the passengers, and the most express sions of appreciation and sympathy offered:

The passengers on the Muscogee and Southwestern Railroad, having witnessed the terrible tragedy which occurred at Butler on Monday, the 2d instant, many of them being personally acquainted with Mr. Jake Cozatt, the most gentlemanly conductor, who was cruelly murdered by a negro, deeply sympathizing with the bereaved family, beg leave to offer the following, and request its publication in the Macon and Columbus papers:

In the death of Mr. Jake Cozatt, the company has lost one of its most worthy conductors; the traveling public a friend who was always ready to render them comfort and assistance, and the family and honorable and devoted son and brother. We hereby tender to the bereaved family our warmest sympathies and most hearty condolence.

A Sad Catastrophe.

A NEWLY MARRIED WIFE SHOT IN BED—HER HUSBAND SUSPECTED OF THE DEED.

A Louisville paper of the 5th inst., says: A young man named Henry Alford, who keeps a saloon, married a Miss Carrie Devinney, on this city, about six weeks ago. On Tuesday night he came home partially intoxicated, and, according to the statement of the young wife's mother, she quarred with her about going a dead. They retired as usual, Mr. Alford placing a pistol under the head of his bed, which, as he says, is his custom or habit. When he arose in the morning he took his pistol from under his pillow, and walked to the corner of the mantelpiece, at the same time calling to his wife, to get up. She arose from the bed, and as she was reaching for her dress the pistol came in contact with the end of the mantel and was discharged, the contents entering her right side, inflicting a wound which the attending physicians believe will prove fatal. The unfortunate lady threw up her hands, exclaiming, "Harry, you have shot me!" Mr. Alford, realizing the terrible position in which he was placed, rushed out in a distracted manner for a physician. He also gave an alarm, and was taken in custody by Officer Jos. Sweeney, who conveyed him to the Clay street station house.

After an examination, and the facts being fully presented, Mr. Alford was released without bond.

We visited the house last evening and found the lady so low that it was deemed advisable by her physicians that no communication should be held with her. We were told, however, that Mrs. Alford had entirely exculpated her husband, declaring that it was entirely accidental. This, however, was denied by the mother and sister of the wounded woman, and they were present, and stated that the wounded woman charged her husband with directly pointing the pistol at her, and deliberately shooting her. They further stated to us that the wife insisted that her husband should not enter the room where she was, and did not wish to see him. While we were present, Mr. Alford went to the bedside of his dying wife and affectionately kissed her, but the poor young woman seemed unconscious of the presence of any around her. The husband appeared to be very much distressed in mind, and earnestly protested his innocence of the crime. His mother-in-law does not directly accuse him, but states that the marriage was an unhappy one, and remarked to her son-in-law, "Harry, it is between you and your God; I do not know whether or not you did not do it intentionally."

In justice to the husband, we would state that we were reliably informed that the feeling between Alford and his wife's family has not been amicable, and this is evinced plainly in their hostility toward him at this time. The wife has since died.

A Most Horrible Affair.

THE MISSISSIPPI GIVES UP THE GHASTLY DEAD.

A CITIZEN'S THROAT CUT AND HEAD HACKED TO PIECES—THE BODY WEIGHTED WITH A GRINDSTONE—CAST IN THE RIVER—ROBBERY THE MOTIVE OF THE ATROCITY.

A New Albany, (Ind.) paper, of the 12th inst., says: "We learn from a letter received from Vicksburg, that Mr. William Montgomery, a resident of Amsterdam, Harrison county, was foully murdered at Vicksburg, about the 1st of August, and his body thrown in the river. The body, when found, had a grindstone tied to the stomach, evidently for the purpose of preventing its rising to the surface. His throat had been cut, and the head literally hewed in pieces with a hatchet.

At the time of the murder he was known to have been in possession of $1,500 in United States bonds, besides $7,800 in cash, and it is supposed that he had his money on his person, and it was doubtless to obtain this that he was murdered.

The matter was placed in the hands of the police of Vicksburg, and they have already arrested several parties, who, it is believed, were engaged in the murder. The suspected murderers are now in jail in that city, and such evidence has been procured as renders it certain that the grand jury will indict them.

A man named Rickerly, a partner of Montgomery's, has been arrested and placed in jail, as one of the parties engaged in the murder. The authorities of Vicksburg are doing all in their power to ferret out this horrible affair. All the witnesses were placed in jail for the purpose of securing their attendance at the trial.

"DODGER'S" EXPOSITIONS.

INDEPENDENCE TO GREAT BRITAIN—No time to-day, and that not very long ago, when a cable robbery, a great murder, or a bank failure would have created an excitement in the community. Now, things have changed. A triple murder will attract but very little attention, and if a bank is robbed of thirty or a hundred thousand dollars, a notice of the same being published would only elicit the cool remark. "Well, it is pretty good." The excitement occasioned by Sole and Kinnane's forgeries on the Chatham Bank were nothing to be compared with Livingstone's on the National City, or the forgeries of Walter Patterson, Mike O'Brien, Bounce Peale, and others of this school, yet they have not caused the least excitement in the community. True, Ketchum and Huntington's forgeries did cause a ripple on the surface, but not the excuse of worse forged, but the number of people interested was the cause of the excitement. Then again, what little comment has the great defalcation of Briggs on the Nassau Bank provoked. He pocketed his $160,000, went to Ludlow Street Jail, stopped there a few months, and is now liberated without bail, and can put his finger up to his nose at the bank directors. What about the Kingston, President's Bank defaulter? All that you find said about him appeared to be a few hurried penned lines. People look on these things now-a-days as accompaniments of civilization. Perhaps they are. The penny, the chisel and the picklock can thrive only in the days of the Greenwich Bank, two men play detectives and arrest the bank messenger while carrying several thousand dollars to another bank, claiming that he is counterfeiting, and then let the fellow back to the bank and walk off with their prisoner and are never heard of, nor is the money. Think of a bank messenger walking through a crowded street, as did a Tillinghurst porter, carrying a bundle of greenbacks, and to be robbed as easily out of thousands of dollars as a street peanut stand (an institution that Kennedy is going to abolish,) could be robbed of an apple. He meets two respectable venders, and one jumps out of his wagon, knows such is the fellow's eggs and walks off unmolested, and is never arrested. Then what of the robbery of the cashier of Higgins, the careful manufacturer of $40,000 in the same manner, of which nothing has since been heard, either of the thieves or the money. If we turn our eyes to the bank robberies, beginning with the latest at Millbury, Mass., and going back a year or two, although these robberies are fearful, we find that they have excited no interest. It read daylight three men go into a bank, gag the cashier, and carry off $10,000 and bonds of a value that cannot be estimated. These men have escaped. Not long ago the *Herald* published a short article showing that several banks in and around 16th street (giving the names of the banks,) had been robbed during that year, and the amount swelled up to $1,500,000. The *Herald's* article was very imperfect. It only published robberies in which no arrests had been made. It did not allude to the *attempts*. Thus, when Dan Noble not long ago was caught hustling the victim while his "pal" committed the robbery. For this Dan was arrested and held for examination, by what became of that and several other as clear cases nobody knows. That he was never identified we all know. Nor does the *Herald* list embrace Dutch Heindrick's $4,000 attempt in the Broadway bank, and three other as glaring attempts on previous occasions for which he had been arrested. The statistics don't even allude to Chauncey Johnson's attempts, or that of Billy Chapman, or Griffith, or Col. Cross, and a list of bank thieves that might be swelled up as large as the *Sun's* publication of Broadway letters. There never was a time when there were a greater number of financial bubbles, during which Sole and sent his thousands of forgeries through the mail, and more cool assumptions of robberies and forgeries and frauds of a gigantic character than now, and yet they excite not the least interest in the public mind. Even the judiciary are infected with the same indifference. Let a man steal a box of herring, or piece of old rope, and he is in the dock, and he is branded as an incorrigible villain; but let him keep a faro bank and "put up jobs" to rob banks, "shove the queer" and make a fortune, it becomes a mere matter, and he is looked up to with respect, and professors of the manly arts have no hesitation in entering the lists to fight under the nom de plume of the novice of some professional, who has made his name a terror.

NAT LEE.—I was mistaken last week in saying that Nat Lee's wife had been on the Island, although Nat has partaken of the hospitalities of the Commissioners, his wife has not, as yet, been so unfortunate. DODGER.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17, 1867.

ANOTHER SENSATION.—TWO OLD MAIDS CHARGED WITH POISONING A CHILD.—THEY ARE COMMITTED TO PRISON FOR TRIAL.

One sensation treads fast upon the heels of another, and it would seem as if we are never to go through an entire week without a shooting, a stabbing, a throat-cutting, or a poisoning. The scaffold has no effect in preventing crime, for we find the most diabolical crimes committed almost before the murderer's dying confession has been given to the public. The crime charged against Rachel and Polly Jones, of 1314 Hutchinson street, both of whom are spinsters of a good old age—fifty at least—is that of wilfully poisoning a child of four years old, named Annie E. Richards, daughter of Launcelot and Eliza Ann Richards. The Richards occupy the dwelling adjoining that of the Jones family, and for some time there has been a bad feeling growing up between them, which was shown in many ways, and which the child Annie, reasoning as she was, manifested on all occasions. Some time since applied to the venerable spinsters to exercise their supposed witchcraft in the same manner as they had in their composition, into gall, and if the charge be true as appears, Annie thinks them transformed into such beings. She called them "dried up old maids." The Joneses seemed to think that the child had been incensed to thus address them, and it was not unfrequently that they threatened to punish her. It is not such an expression as would be likely to come first from the lips of a young child. The spinsters did not go off into hysterics upon hearing it, but they are said to have declared that they would "fix her." Their conduct towards her from that moment changed, and they rather seemed to like her. Mrs. Richards was suspicious at the change, for she believes it springs from any good motive and she warned the child not to go near them. Especially she cautioned her not to eat anything they gave her. Every little while pieces of cake were found in the yard of the Richards, which came from the Joneses' premises, but the child did not eat them. On the morning of the 19th of August, a ripe peach was found in the yard, which the child, unobserved by her parents, took a bite of. The mother then discovered her, and took the peach away. The inside of it was covered with a white powder, as if it had been dipped in flour. The peach had been cut with a knife, as if to cause an unobstructed flow from it, but nevertheless it was eaten. Soon after the child sickened, and some hours after died in convulsions. The physicians called in to see her, attributed the condition of the child to a disordered stomach.

At that time the rind of the peach having been poisoned, had not been discovered, and the matter was not investigated as it used. The child's life, however, could not probably have been saved, as the poison had gone through the whole system. A careful examination of the body was made, and the stomach taken out and handed over to Dr. John J. Reece of the Pennsylvania University for analysation. He detected strychnine in it, which all the symptoms of the child showed to have been used. The twitching of the muscles, the convulsions, the rigidity of the limbs and other effects, all was one of the most speedily fatal of poisons which she was suffering under. On the Coroner's investigation the testimony of the mother was the most important that was elicited. She testified as follows:

On the 19th ultimo I was standing at my ironing-table; my child was playing in the yard; she called Rachel and Polly Jones old maids; I saw Rachel say something to her; she then said to Annie that her father told her to say that; she says, "Annie, your father did not tell me to say that;" Rachel said, "Yes, he did tell me to say that." She then went into the house and held for examination, by what became of that and several other as clear cases nobody knows. That he was never identified we all know. Nor does the *Herald* list embrace Dutch Heindrick's $4,000 attempt in the Broadway bank, and three other as glaring attempts on previous occasions for which he had been arrested. The statistics don't even allude to Chauncey Johnson's attempts, or that of Billy Chapman, or Griffith, or Col. Cross, and a list of bank thieves that might be swelled up as large as the *Sun's* publication of Broadway letters. There never was a time when there were a greater number of financial bubbles, during which Sole and sent his thousands of forgeries through the mail, and more cool assumptions of robberies and forgeries and frauds of a gigantic character than now, and yet they excite not the least interest in the public mind. Even the judiciary are infected with the same indifference. Let a man steal a box of herring, or piece of old rope, and he is in the dock, and he is branded as an incorrigible villain; but let him keep a faro bank and "put up jobs" to rob banks, "shove the queer" and make a fortune, it becomes a mere matter, and he is looked up to with respect, and professors of the manly arts have no hesitation in entering the lists to fight under the nom de plume of the novice of some professional, who has made his name a terror.

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and gaining the [illegible] Grand street. Officer Dan Clune, who was close at hand, on hearing the alarm, did soon reached the spot, and before he could enter the desperadoes had time to escape. A search of the house entered the premises and arrested one Nell Hines, calling herself Mrs. John Harris, John Murphy, Fred. Faulkner and Wm. Payne, whom they escorted to the Tombs. The evidence of their guilt being conclusive, they were committed to the jail by Justice McCarthy for trial in default of one thousand dollars bail. The chances of the accomplices for a term in the Western penitentiary are exceedingly bright. Harris alleges that his store was entered by the same parties some time ago, but threats against his life if he should inform against them, deterred him from making the matter known. There is no doubt that the quartette belong to a regularly organized gang, and it is to be hoped that their timely capture will lead to the arrest of others.

ALLEGED OUTRAGE UPON A YOUNG WOMAN—HER PERSON BAY-ISHED IN A CARRIAGE.

On Sunday night last an outrage of a most brutal character, if the circumstances as alleged be true and there seems to be no reason to doubt them, was perpetrated in the Fourth Ward of this city. A young lady by the name of Kate Waldron, of attractive appearance, and a comparative stranger in this vicinity, attended service at Christ's M. E. Church on Penn street. She was on [illegible] part on at the Union Hotel. Upon returning to her lodging place she missed her way and sought directions from two individuals who were standing on the side-walk near the Scott House. They informed her that she was going in an entirely opposite direction from what she intended. Having a carriage at hand which she proposed to be their property, they kindly invited her to stop in and they would accompany her to her destination. After some hesitancy and upon being assured that the parties were acting from benevolent motives, she stepped in and the driver was instructed where to proceed.

The men took seats beside her, and the vehicle had proceeded but a short distance when the villains seized her in a violent manner, stifled her cries, and brutally outraged her person. After committing the dastardly deed the scoundrels fled, leaving the girl insensible in the vehicle. She was taken in charge by a gentleman named Fitzsimmons, who resides in the vicinity, and the police, informed of the affair. On the succeeding day they succeeded in arresting a steam-boatman by the name of Alexander Haight, to whom the girl fully recognized as one of the guilty parties. After a partial hearing of the case, further examination was postponed until a future day, and in the mean time the prisoner was remanded to the Tombs. The girl was seriously injured, and suffered severely from the brutal treatment she received. She gave a clear description of the other party concerned in the dastardly transaction, but he has not yet been apprehended.

OFFICIALS AT LOGGERHEADS.

District Attorney Dull and Deputy District Attorney Riddell are at loggerheads with regard to a division of the costs, etc., occurring from forfeited recognizances, etc., and the matter has been brought before the Court for adjudication. The District Attorney holds that he is entitled to all the costs, and that the appointment of Mr. Riddell is unconstitutional, the Legislature having no right, under the Constitution, to create such an office. Mr. Riddell combats this idea strenuously, and has appealed to the Courts as stated. A pretty fight, truly, as it now stands, though, however this quarrel about the loaves and fishes may be decided, it is to be hoped, that the business of the Courts will not be impeded.

A word on libel's in general in my next.

Yours always and always yours, PITT.

SPORTING.

Aquatic.

THE FOUR-OARED MATCH AT SPRINGFIELD.

The race between the United States and British Provincers on the Connecticut River at Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday September 11th, terminated in a "walk over" for the Yale Brothers, as all the struggle of the race was over before the two crews had pulled two hundred yards. The match was brought about by a challenge from the Wallace Ross Club to any crew in the United States or the British Provinces, but expressing a particular desire to visit the Provinces, as the latter had for a series of years been successful in all the matches with

Medical.

There is no such Word as Fail.

TARRANT'S
COMPOUND
EXTRACT OF
CUBEBS.
AND
COPAIBA.
A SURE, CERTAIN
AND
SPEEDY CURE.

For all diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS and URINARY ORGANS, either in the Male or Female, frequently performing a Perfect Cure in the short space of three or four days; and always in less time than any other Preparation. In the use of TARRANT'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND COPAIBA.

There is no need of confinement or change of diet. In its approved form of a paste, it is entirely tasteless, and causes no unpleasant sensation to the patient and no exposure. It is now acknowledged by the most learned in the Profession that in all secret diseases, Cubebs and Copaiba are the only two Remedies that can be relied upon with any certainty of Success.

Tarrant's Compound Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba
NEVER FAILS!
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
TARRANT & CO.,
278 Greenwich street, New York.
Sold by Druggists all over the world. 44:52

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

Doctor Kennedy, of Roxbury, Mass

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds, a remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula to a common Pimple.

Two bottles warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
Two or three bottles will clear the system of blues.
Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
One or two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
Four or six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
One bottle will cure eruptions of the skin.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
Five or eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
One to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of dyspepsia. I know from the experience of thousands that it was force caused by cancer in the stomach.
One to two bottles are warranted to cure sick headache.
One to two bottles are warranted to regulate a costive state the bowels.
One to two bottles will regulate all derangements of the kidneys.
Four to six bottles will cure the worst case of dropsy.
One to three bottles have cured the worst cases of piles. A relief is always experienced; what a mercy to get a relief in such an excruciating disease.
For Syphilis in all its varieties, take one ounce of Sweet Spirits of Nitre, two ounces of Balsam Copaiva, mix it with a bottle of Medical Discovery, and drink freely of flax seed tea, will cure every case.
By following the directions in pamphlet around each bottle and by a judicious application of the SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.
SCROFULA OINTMENT AND HEALING OINTMENT,
every sore and ulcer of whatsoever kind or nature, except cancer that has taken root, is perfectly and permanently healed.

MANUFACTURED BY
DONALD KENNEDY,
No. 120 Warren street, Roxbury, Mass.
Price $1. For sale by every druggist in the United States, British Provinces 51: 3

SCROFULA, IN ALL ITS FORMS,
CAN BE CURED
BY USING THE

Samaritan's	THE GREAT	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	BLOOD	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	PURIFIER	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	AND REMEDY	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	FOR	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	SCROFULA	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	AND ALL	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	ERUPTIONS	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	OF THE	"Root and Herb Juices."
Samaritan's	SKIN.	"Root and Herb Juices."

There is not another remedy known to equal this, for the cure of Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Scrofula, in all its forms; Tetter, Scalds, Boils, Mercurial diseases and Eruptions of the Skin. This is no experiment—it is a well-tested remedy in the United States Hospitals, where those diseases assumed their worst forms. Mild cases soon yield. Six bottles will cure any case. It is a common saying, "I have tried every thing, without effect." To such we say, "Use the Samaritan Root and Herb Juices, and if it fails to cure any disease of the blood or skin, your money will be refunded by our Agents." Price $1 25 per bottle.

SAMARITAN'S GIFT,

The most certain Remedy ever used! Yes, a Positive Cure for Gonorrhœa, and all diseases arising from youthful indiscretion. Contains no Mineral, no Balsam, no Mercury. Only ten pills to be taken to effect a cure. They are entirely vegetable, having no smell, nor any unpleasant taste, and will not in any way injure the stomach or bowels of the most delicate. Cures in from two to four days, and recent cases in twenty-four hours. Sent by mail. Price, Male packages, $2—Female, $3.

LEUCORRHŒA, OR WHITES.

As this complaint is very common with delicate females, we cannot avoid calling their attention to the use of the Samaritan's Gift; and we assure them that, by following the directions with each package, you will soon get rid of that most troublesome disease, and become robust and hearty.

It has been truly said by many writers, that there are few physicians who make themselves perfectly acquainted with these diseases, or the proper remedies for their cure.

Sold by Druggists generally.
DR. SHOLTZ & CO., Proprietors,
915 Race street, Philadelphia.
Who will answer all letters addressed to them. 46:26

Nineteenth Century Plaster.

The best and entirely pleasant
STRENGTHENING PLASTER
IS ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.

Twelve hours' use to the sole of each foot will cure cold feet.
Worn on soles of feet, cures pains and rheumatism of the ankles.
In kidney affections, for pains of the back, chest, and sides for nervous affections of the face, and in all local pains, their use generally gives permanent relief.

CASES OF CURE.

William Sniffen, Esq., of Sing Sing, for many years suffered from tic doloureux in his face. He finally applied Allcock's Plaster, which cured him. Had no return for a year.

PAIN IN THE SIDE CURED.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., April 6, 1869.

MESSRS. T. ALLCOCK & CO.—Dear Sirs: My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side, and it cured her in one week. Yours, truly,
JOHN V. N. HUNTER.

LAME BACK.

NEW YORK, November 20, 1868.

T. Allcock & Co.—Gentlemen:—I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your Plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all that I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week. Yours, respectfully,
J. G. BRIGGS.
Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

SORE CHEST AND COUGH CURED.

Dr. Allcock—Sir: In May last I was visiting my cousin in Corning, who got me one of your Porous Plasters for my chest. I was so sore through me at the time, I could hardly speak or breathe. It was not more than three hours after I put it on before I felt comfortable. I had suffered very much from soreness of the chest, with cough and hoarseness, for months; but your plaster has cured me, and my health is better than it has been for years. Yours, respectfully,
PHEBE PATCHER.

Beaver Dam, Schuyler County, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1868.

We have testimonials from high and from humble as to the good derived from our POROUS PLASTERS.

We refer to T. T. Green, 363 Broadway,
and all other Druggists of New York City and State;
to Balch & Sons, of Providence, R. I.;
to Sisson & Butler, and J. W. Johnson, M. D., of Hartford, Ct.;
Goodwin & Co., Boston;
and, in fact, to all the Druggists of the United States,
as to the unsurpassed superior qualities of our Porous Plaster.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,
PRINCIPAL AGENCY,
BRANDRETH HOUSE, NEW YORK. 41:3

BIOKRENE,
OR LIFE REJUVENATOR.
There is Nothing Like It.

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P. B. R. D.

DR. WM. EARL'S PURIFYING BOTANIC RENAL DRAGEES cure in a few days (frequently 24 hours), the worst and most obstinate cases of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate, &c., in fact all affections of the Genito-Urinary Organs of either sex.

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THOUSANDS ARE RUINED BEYOND REdemption in this life by not calling on DR. HUNTER sooner or later. He can cure the worst cases of Secret Diseases in a shorter time than any other Physician, in a less painful manner. Skeptics and doubters will please call and read hundreds of reliable certificates of cures made within the last thirty years of those hopeless cases, that had had the benefit of doctoring by the most eminent physicians and surgeons. Dr. Hunter is in constant attendance, from 9 in the morning till 8 at night, at his old office, No. 3 Division Street, since 1836. Observe name, date, and a sure guarantee. Separate rooms, so that the patient can see but the Doctor. Strictly private. Consultation free every business day. His great remedy, HUNTER'S RED DROP, cures certain diseases, when regular treatment and all other remedies fail; cures in new cases in less than one-half the time of other remedies; cures in new cases in less than two hours; cures without the dreadful concomitant effects of mercury, leaving the constitution perfectly free from all mercurial taint, leaving the rank and poisonous taint that the blood is sure to be affected with, which nearly is used. This is what he claims for his drop, and what others will copy. Its value in this country has become so well known, that counterfeits seen in every department of trade, and Hunter's Red Drop is no exception, for parties are aware that he is not content with counterfeiting, decoying and kidnapping in regard to some painful patients who have entrusted the secret of their private maladies to his keeping, but must counterfeit the whole of the private circulars with his name attached. What human being with any pretension to Christianity, will say that this is right? We cannot but be made known far and wide; the posterity is so great that there is not a quack doctor in the city that has not counterfeited it; and when they find that their lies are too easily swallowed, they then proceed (but they make it. It is Two Dollars a vial, and cannot be procured genuine from anywhere but at the old office, No. 3 Division Street, New York. $1 will secure by return mail, his original work, 140 pages, pictured plagues, worth all other books put together. 41:26

Foreign Criminal News.

An Appalling Outrage.

UNPRECEDENTED BARBARITY—MURDER AND MUTILATION.

A LITTLE GIRL MASSACRED AND HER BODY CUT TO PIECES—THE SUSPECTED ASSASSIN ARRESTED AND FULLY COMMITTED—THE ENTRY IN HIS DIARY, "SAT. AUG. 24TH—KILLED A YOUNG GIRL"—HE COMES VERY NEAR BEING "LYNCHED" BY THE INFURIATED CITIZENS.

A murder, unparalleled for its brutality, was committed in the quiet market town of Alton, Hampshire, on Saturday, Aug. 24th, ult. About half-past one o'clock, a little girl named Fanny Adams, eight years of age, left her home near the church, in company with a younger sister, and a playmate named Minnie Warner, for the purpose of playing in the meadows adjoining Amery Farm, a few yards distant from the home of the deceased. The meadow itself is a gently rising ground, near the source of the river Wey, which here ripples its clear stream through one of the most picturesque landscapes in the county of Hants. The meadow is crowned by a hop-garden of considerable extent, approached by a grassy and sequestered lane, from the entrance of which a view of the quiet old town, nestled in the hollow, is obtained. It was in the hop-ground referred to that the crime was committed. The children were engaged in cheerful pastime near the entrance to the secluded lane, when a man described as wearing a black coat, with light vest and trousers, who was sitting on the gate, beckoned Fanny Adams, the unfortunate deceased, towards him. All the children approached, and singling out the deceased, he offered her a half-penny to accompany him for a walk in the adjacent hop-garden. Seeing that the other children were disposed to follow, he distributed amongst them three half-pence, telling them to run away and buy some sweets. They accordingly did so, and, as they were leaving, saw that the man had taken hold of the girl's hand, and was leading her up the lane. They also saw that the poor child began to cry, and heard the man say these words, "Don't cry, my dear; keep quiet, and if you will come into the hop-garden, I will give you some more money." From this time until seven o'clock in the evening, nothing more was heard of the deceased. The child not coming home to tea, the mother became alarmed, and made inquiries in all directions but nothing was elicited beyond the statements of her companions, that she had been seen going up the lane with a strange man, as above described. Between seven and eight o'clock, the same evening, a laborer, named Thos Gates, returning from work, had occasion to cross the hop-ground, when he was horrified at beholding there the dissevered head of a child resting upon two hop-poles placed at the foot of the hedge, and lying horizontally on the ground. The man took up the head and ran with it to the row of cottages at the foot of the meadow, in one of which the parents of the unfortunate child resided. The neighbors, who were standing in groups, talking about the missing child, on seeing the head, immediately raised shouts of terror, and declared it to be that of Fanny Adams. The man took the head to the father's cottage. All doubts were then set at rest—the poor mother identifying the head as that of her daughter, and immediately falling into hysterics. The police were at once communicated with, and search was made for the remaining portions of the body. Within about twenty yards east of the hedge, and between the growing hops, were found a leg and thigh with a stocking and boot on, and near the same spot the right arm and hand severed from the elbow, were discovered. A little further to the right, the left hand severed from the wrist was found, and some distance below were the mutilated remains of the trunk. The other foot, which was the left, was picked up in a field adjoining a hop-plantation, where it had evidently been thrown with sufficient force to carry it over two high hedges and an intervening lane. The left arm was also picked up in this field. Horrible to relate, the eyes were gouged out with almost scientific skill. At this time the intestines and heart were missing, but on the following morning (Sunday) further search was made, when both those portions were discovered, the former not far from the spot where the trunk had been found, and the heart in an adjoining field, where it had been thrown. The body displayed several fearful stabs and gashes, the ribs being severely punctured, the calves of the legs and the thighs having been completely ripped, and the intestines entirely removed, leaving the mere frame of the body only. The right ear was picked up in a corner of the hop-ground by itself. An ineffectual attempt appears to have been made to cut off the left arm from the shoulder. The deceased could was the fourth of a family of six children, and was a tall, comely, and intelligent girl. She bore the appearance of being several years in advance of her age, and was of a cheerful disposition. The clothes worn by the unfortunate child were found scattered about the plantation. They were much torn, and every garment gave evidence of the resistance offered in the futile struggle for life by the unfortunate deceased. The dissevered remains were placed in a truck and conveyed to the police-station. Mr. Superintendent Cheyney obtained a description of the man in whose company the ill-fated girl was last seen, and concluded that the person described appeared to a young man, named Frederick Baker, in the employ of Messrs. Clements, solicitors. He proceeded to the office of Messrs. Clements about nine o'clock in the evening, and saw the accused engaged in his ordinary avocation. Leaving Baker in charge of a police constable, for the purpose of making further inquiries, the superintendent shortly afterwards suspected that the prisoner was the man who had given coppers to the children, as previously alluded to, and on returning to the office, accompanied by one of the children, he asked him if the statement were true. He admitted the fact, but said he was innocent of the crime of murder. He was identified by the child, and the superintendent removed him to the police-station. The light tweed trousers were marked with blood. On both the legs signs of recent washing presented themselves. The socks worn by the prisoner were wet. The front of the waistcoat was splashed. The prisoner's boots were sodden with wet. In his pockets were found the sum of £6 6s. 1½d. in money, and two pen-knives, one of which contained three blades, and the other two. Neither of these appeared to be of sufficient strength for the committal of the atrocious crime. The prisoner was asked if he could account for the state of his clothing, and he answered that he had, when out, a habit of stepping into the water. It appears that on the day of the murder, the prisoner left his lodgings to proceed to business, at ten o'clock in the morning, and his landlady said he did not return during any portion of the day. He seems to have left the office of Messrs. Clements at one o'clock, to have returned again at four. The prisoner was taken on Monday, before E. Knight, Esq., one of the county magistrates, and remanded. In searching the prisoner's desk at the office, a well-kept diary was discovered. Under the date "Saturday, Aug. 24th," the following entry was written in a bold and unfaltering hand—"Killed a young girl. Fine and hot." The prisoner is a thin, spare man, about 28 years of age, and possesses a countenance of much mildness and benignity.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Mr. Robert Harfield, deputy coroner for the county, opened an inquiry at the Duke's Head Inn at Alton, on the 27th ult., into the cause of the death of Fanny Adams, aged eight years and four months. The first witness called was the young child, Minnie Warner, who said: On Saturday we went to play in "The Hollow" with Fanny Adams and her little sister. While we were there a young gentleman came and said "Hallos," and then he said he would give me a penny to run down with Fanny into the Hollow, and we did. He said he would give me another half-penny, and if we would go into Mr. Calcraft's field he would pick some berries for us. We went, and he picked some berries for us. He then told us to go home, and he took up Fanny and carried her away. He had on a black coat, light waistcoat, and trowsers, and a black tall hat. At the request of the deputy coroner, the child looked round the room to see if she could identify the man who took Fanny away, but she did not do so. The crowd staring in at the windows and loudly talking evidently frightened her.

George Adams, the father of the deceased, identified the remains of the deceased. The poor man seemed nearly heart-broken, and gave his brief evidence in much grief.

Harriet Adams, the wife of the last witness, proved her daughter leaving home to go and play in the field as usual. She went with her younger sister Elizabeth Adams, and Minnie Warner, about half past one. In the course of the afternoon Lizzie returned home, and, thinking Fanny had gone with her father, who was playing cricket on the Butts, did not look for her till Mrs. Gardner came, and they went with Minnie to look for Fanny, but did not find her. They saw a man coming out of the gate of the field into the meadow, and Minnie said, "That is the man who gave us the pennies." He said, "No, it was three halfpennies I gave you, and the others a half-penny." Mrs. Gardner took hold of him and asked him what his name was. He said, "No matter what's my name, you'll find me at Mr. Clement's office if you want me." The man's name is Frederick Baker, and this is the man (pointing to the accused), Mrs. Gardner asked him where the child was, and he said he had not seen her since he left them at the gate at play. They went home, and Baker went the other way toward the Basingstoke road. She went out again, but did not find the child, and later than that heard the body was found.

Jane Gardner said: I live at Alton, and was a near neighbor of the parents of the deceased. I heard the child was missing, and went with the mother in search. I saw the accused walking along at the top of the meadow, in the direction from the "Hollow," toward the Basingstoke road by a foot-path at the side of the River Wey. I called to him, and he came to meet me. I asked him what he had done with the child he took away with him at half past one, and which had not been seen since. He said, "I have not seen one." I said, "What did you give those children halfpence for to send them away?" He made no answer to that. I said, "Here comes one of the children," and Minnie Warner came up. I then said to the child, "Did this gentleman give you any money to-day?" She said "Yes, threepence." He said, "No, three halfpence." I said, "What did he give Lizzie, and what did he give Fanny?" Minnie Warner said, "A halfpenny." I said, "What did he do then?" and she replied, "Told me to go home and spend it." I again said, "What did he do with Fanny?" She said, "He took her up the Hollow behind the high hedge in the hop-garden." I then went home, and between seven and eight heard some one screaming, and a cry, "The head is found." I then went to the hop-garden, and saw the head and trunk of a child lying in a heap on the ground. This garden I approached by a gate at the top of the Hollow, called the Hollow. When I spoke to Baker, he walked away for perhaps a yard, when he exclaimed, "I haven't seen the child."

The Deputy Coroner, addressing the accused, said that the evidence seemed to implicate him as having been seen near the spot where the remains of the child had been found, and he was the last person with whom the child was seen alive. If there was any question he wished to ask of any of the witnesses, he could do so.

The accused said: I have no questions to ask at present, thank you.

Ann Murrit deposed to seeing Baker twice in the afternoon of Saturday—the first time coming along the footpath towards Alton. He had on a pair of light trousers and a high hat. That was about three o'clock. About five, or between that and six, she saw him again. He crossed the churchyard and went towards the Hollow. He looked at me and my little girl very hard, and that made me notice him particularly. He kept looking round at us as he went up the path.

Elizabeth Warner proved that she saw Baker in the lane about five o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday. He went to the top of the lane and then disappeared.

After evidence had been given by the persons who found the rest of the remains of the unfortunate little victim, Maurice Biddle, a clerk to Messrs. Clement, solicitors, at Alton, stated that the accused was in the office about six o'clock, and told witness about the woman speaking to him of the child. He said it would be very awkward for him if the girl was murdered. They went over to the Swan tap for a glass of ale, and Baker then said he was going away on Monday. The boots at the public-house said he was going on Monday, and Baker said he would go with him. The boots said he could turn his hand to anything but Baker could not; and Baker replied, "Yes, I could turn butcher." Witness afterwards saw him at Mr. Clement's, and said, "They say you murdered the child." He replied, "Never, Maurice. Its a bad job for me then." They went back to the office together. Baker told witness that he had gin and beer in the morning. He was sometimes under the influence of liquor.

Dr. Louis Leslie, divisional surgeon of the police force at Alton, testified to having examined the remains of the child, and described the nature of the wounds, mutilation, &c.

A post mortem examination of the head showed a contused wound completely dividing the scalp. The blow must have been very severe, and witness was inclined to think it was inflicted by a stone. Such a blow would cause immediate insensibility, and death might follow. It was perfectly impossible to say whether any act of criminal violence had taken place. He considered that the dismemberment of the body was effected after death. On Saturday night witness examined the person of the prisoner. There were no marks or scratches about him; but his trousers, socks, and boots, one leg particularly, were very wet. Witness remarked on the wet feet to him, and he said, "Unfortunately for me they are, but that proves nothing." There was blood on both wristbands, and Superintendent Cheyney asked how he could account for the blood, and Baker said, "I can't account for it," and added, "I don't see any cuts or scratches that would account for it." The blood was that of a mammal, but whether human or not witness could not say.

William Walker said he found a large stone in the hop-garden (stone produced.) There was long hair on it, and pieces of flesh. It was close to the spot where the head was found.

Mr. Superintendent Cheyney said that on Monday he and Superintendent Everitt went to the office of the prisoner, and in his desk they found a diary with a memorandum under date, Saturday, August 24, "Killed a young girl; it was fine and hot." That entry the prisoner admitted was in his handwriting.

Evidence was then given as to the finding of two eyes, supposed to be those of the deceased. They were found in the Wey, near the place of the murder.

The coroner then asked the accused whether he desired to say anything, to which Baker replied, "No, sir, only that I am innocent."

The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against Frederick Baker, for killing and slaying Fanny Adams." The warrant was then made out for his committal to Winchester jail.

EXCITING SCENE AFTER THE INQUEST.

It was not until long after the conclusion of the coroner's inquiry that opportunity offered for removing the prisoner back to the lock-up with anything like safety. The locality of the police-station and the inn where the inquest was held, was more or less crowded throughout the day, but towards the evening, when the laborers left their work, the crowd grew to one of magnitude, and expressions of resolve to "lynch" Baker prevailed to an extent that gave rise to serious apprehensions on the part of the police authorities, lest the threat, flavored by the darkness of the night, should be carried into effect. The house in which the inquest was held is about 300 yards from the police-station, to which the prisoner had to be conveyed, and in order to evade the multitude, which for the most part congregated around the inn, Superintendents Cheyney and Everitt had arranged to take their prisoner out at the back of the house, and to emerge on to the main road by the stable yard, some thirty yards nearer to the police-station. The knowledge, however, of their movements had evidently got abroad, for the crowd separated themselves into small parties, and formed themselves at given intervals between the inn and the police-station. Two hours had now elapsed since the termination of the inquiry, and, finding that the prisoner did not appear, the greater part of the people concentrated one after another in front of the inn, leaving not more than twenty or thirty loitering behind. Mr. Cheyney availed himself of this opportunity to remove his man. Himself on one side, his brother superintendent on the other, two policemen in front and two behind the prisoner, the party started off from the stable-yard at the 'double.' They were no sooner on the road than their manœuvre was detected, and in a moment the yells and execrations of the few loiterers were taken up by the crowd before the inn, who immediately made in a body towards the station. This advance quickened the speed of the retreating party, and although they succeeded in safely lodging their prisoner, they did not themselves escape some pain and inconvenience, caused by the missiles aimed at him.

Mr. Hood and two Young Ladies Capturing three Escaped Convicts on Fish Creek, West Virginia.

Daring Robbery of a Massachusetts Bank.

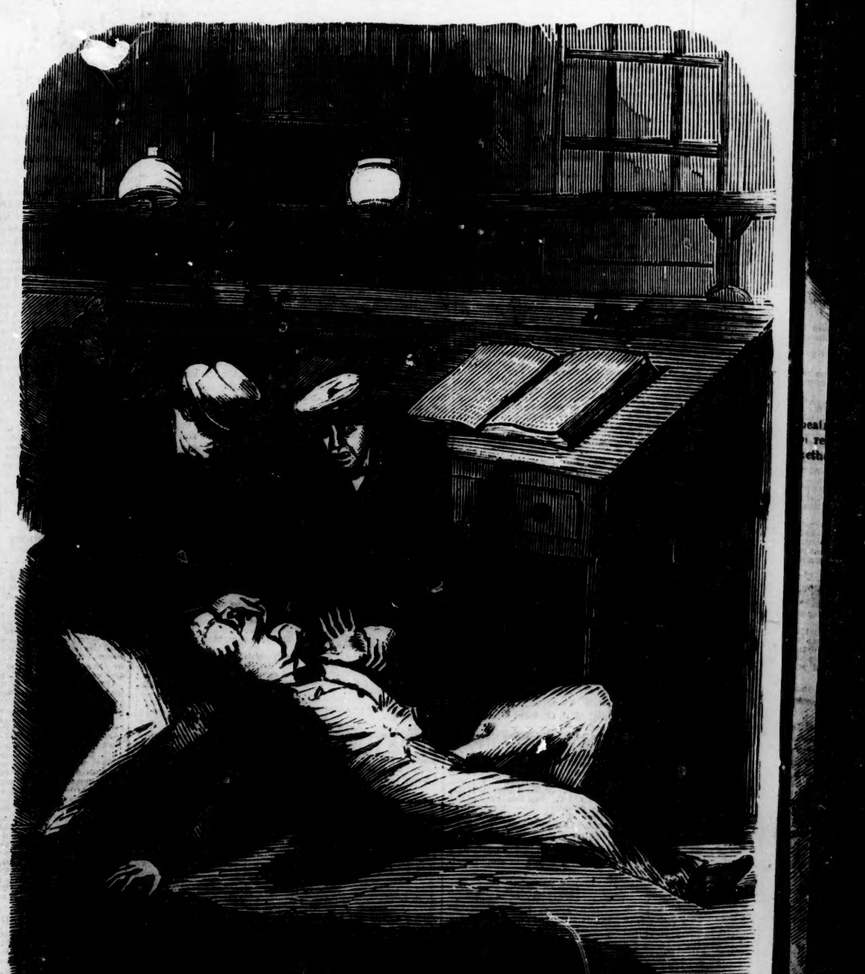
THE CASHIER KNOCKED DOWN—THE ROBBERS GAG AND HANDCUFF HIM. TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS STOLEN.

A Boston paper of the 13th inst. says: The Blue Hill Bank of Milton Lower Mills was entered yesterday about noon by three men, who assaulted and gagged the cashier, and then rifled the bank of all the cash on hand, and a large quantity of bonds. The robbery, in its conception and execution, was one of the most daring, as well as successful, ever perpetrated. The neighboring community were justly thrown into a state of great excitement by the uncommon event, and used every exertion after the occurrence to bring the bold highwaymen to grief. The circumstances of the affair are that three men in a light buggy with top turned down, driving a bay horse, were observed by the citizens of Milton yesterday morning, driving twice around the village, and were seen to pass and repass the Blue Hill Bank three or four times. These actions, however, did not excite any suspicions, and at last the vehicle stopped in front of the bank building, (a rather old two-story building situated at the summit of the hill, and in the very heart of the village,) and the trio alighted and proceeded together up a flight of stairs to the bank-room. Mr. Robert F. Tolman, the assistant cashier, had just left the building to go into his house in the next door, when the party entered. Mr. B. J. Bispham, the cashier, was left alone in the bank, and as he relates the story, was standing behind the counter when the first to enter came up to him and presented a ten dollar bill through the aperture in the screen, and requested Mr. Bispham to give him small bills in exchange. While Mr. Bispham was in the act of making change, another of the party suddenly passed the door at the end of the counter and, grappling him, presented a pistol at his head. At the instant Mr. Bispham stamped on the floor and made an outcry to raise an alarm. The pistol struck Mr. Bispham a heavy blow in the left temple, felling him to the floor and rendered him for the moment unconscious. The blow was struck with the butt of the pistol. When down, a second man then sprang upon Mr. Bispham, and effectually prevented the further outcries of their victim by placing a large gag in his mouth, placing handcuffs on his wrists, which they locked, and tying his legs securely together with pieces of rope which they had brought along with them. While two of the ruffians were busied with this the third rifled the cash drawer and the vaults. The amount of cash taken in both places was about $10,000. A small tin trunk containing special deposits consisting of United States securities belonging to different parties who had placed them there for safe-keeping, the correct value of which it will be impossible for the present to estimate, was also taken. This trunk they placed in a small black travelling bag or valise they had with them, and left the banking-room, locking the door after them as they passed out. The outcry of Mr. Bispham was heard by Mrs. Tolman, who told her husband to hurry back to the bank, as something was wrong. A boy standing in the doorway of the grocery opposite also heard a call for help, and notified the inmates, two men, who rushed across the road to see what was the matter. One of them, thinking there was no cause for alarm, turned back, but the other pursued his way up into the bank building, when he met the robbers descending the stairs. The last one locked the door behind him, and remarked as he observed the stranger coming up the stairs that it was a "d—d silly bank that can't change a ten dollar note." The party then rather hurriedly got into their buggy and drove off. The citizen went to the door at the head of the stairs and found it locked, and at the same time heard a groan or some noise of distress inside. He immediately burst a window sash through near at hand, and got out upon a piazza, and looking in a window saw Mr. Bispham lying upon the floor. He called for other assistance, and the room was entered and Mr. Bispham was released from his painful situation. A file had to be procured before the handcuffs could be taken off. The cashier was found to have been slightly injured, and was able to walk to his house, where he received medical attention. His lip was cut somewhat by the rogues while forcing the gag into his mouth, and his temples were bruised considerably by the blows and the subsequent rough handling. The amount of the robbery was but the work of a moment, and as the heads of the robbers had depart, they left all the valuable papers of the bank which were within their reach. After leaving the bank the parties drove off very hastily towards Roxbury, and many citizens of the place harnessed up and went after them in hot pursuit. To turn their pursuers from the scent the robbers, as soon as they left the limits of the village, turned down a side road on to Dorchester avenue, and were seen by the driver of a Milton horse-car between Milton and Field's Corner, driving along quite leisurely. The driver describes the party to be all young men, between the ages of twenty-three and thirty.

After the news of the robbery of the Blue Hill Bank had been spread abroad, it was found that the desperadoes had, earlier in the morning, been foiled in a design of robbing the Matapan Bank, of Harrison Square. It appears that the assistant cashier of this bank, while closing the bank, about fifteen minutes before his usual hour, was accosted by three men, who asked him to change a fifty dollar bill, which he declined to do, and they went off grumbling, and no doubt immediately took their way to Milton Lower Mills.

The Blue Hill Bank was robbed in 1850 by Josh Wade of some thirty-three thousand dollars, a portion of which was recovered at the time Wade and his associates were sentenced to the State Prison for the dead. Up to midnight last night the parties were not arrested.

A Young Woman, unable to Decide between two Lovers, attempts to Destroy herself at Phila.



Bank Robbers gagging the Cashier of Blue Hill Bank at Milton Lower Mills, Mass.

The Pithole, Pa., Defaulter—He makes for Juleaburg.

We learn from the Titusville (Pa.) *Herald*, that Geo. P. Davis, Jr., banker at Pithole and also Burgess of the town, left unceremoniously on Friday last for Juleaburg. There was a large amount of money deposited in his bank but several persons who had purchased drafts on New York during the week find them returned protested, and are consequently minus the amount they paid for them.

Davis is the fellow who stopped his subscription to the *Morning Herald* because, as he expressed it, it contained "too much politics, too little oil." We warned his fellow-citizens against electing such a man as Burgess, at the time he announced himself a candidate, but just then the Pitholians had too little politics and too much oil, and they elected the Democratic sharper over an honest Republican. We understand there is a little newspaper published at Pithole which asks a "suspension of judgment" for Davis. He will probably get a suspension without judgment if he has gone to Juleaburg.